

# MISSING

Letter will be regarded as  
society confidential, and must be ad-  
dressed to Herbert H. Booth, Com-  
mandant, S. A. Temple, Albert St.,  
Toronto, with the word "Inquiry" on  
corner of the envelope.  
FIFTY CENTS SHOULD ACCOM-  
PANY APPLICATIONS.

578.—McMENAMIN, JOHN — Left  
land and landed in Montreal in  
186. He is now about 80 years old.  
son, John, 8 Gomerly St., Wm-  
t, Man., is the enquirer. New York  
please copy.

579.—JOHNSTON, JAMES, native  
Coldstream, Scotland. Was at one  
time employed as brass finisher at  
Aldershot Arsenal. Last heard of  
seven years ago making enquiries for  
aunt at Blyth, previous to going  
Canada. Send information to  
above address.

580.—WILLIAMS, MARY, aged 28;  
short, dark hair and eyes;  
five of Wales. Has lived in a situ-  
on at Aldershot, which she left,  
ying she was going to Southampton  
d after that to Canada. Send in-  
formation to above address.

582.—BLISSITT, ROSA. Age about  
or 18; medium height; light brown  
hair; large eyes; fresh color. Was  
in the West London District  
school, Ashford, near Slinck, about  
years ago, was sent from there to  
nada by Miss Rye. Last known ad-  
dress, care of Mrs. Israel Smith, Mor-  
th Toronto, Ontario. Enquirer  
other) has sent several letters to  
a above address, but received no  
ply. Send information to above  
dress.

583.—MCNEILL, MRS. (nee Betsy  
ekian). Left England 14 years ago;  
d a fancy drapery business at Ont-  
t, in her maiden name. Married  
gentleman named McNeill. Sister  
rah enquires.

584.—SKARRATT, WILLIAM. Last  
own address, care of Mr. Bassett,  
eronto, Ont; farm laborer. Father  
quires.

585.—AMBLER, MRS. ROADES,  
se Lizzie Flynn. Age about 27;  
ry dark; height about 5 ft. Last  
ard of three years ago; was then  
ing at Angus House, East Angus,  
Q. Canada. Husband was then  
king at the Electric Light Co.  
rents are very anxious for news.

587.—WYATT, WILLIAM. Fair  
mplexion, black eyes, deep scar  
der left eye, deformed in left foot.  
ent into "Dr. Barnado's Home" in  
arch, 1854, and was sent to Can-  
a on July 15, 1885; landed at Que-  
e on the 21st. He was sent to the  
hool, Hargreaves, Ont., and from  
ore to Mendon with a Mr. Brown,  
en left and went to live with a  
c. Simpson, Vanator; last heard of  
Nov., 1890. Supposed to be work-  
g on a farm. Mother enquires.

588.—HANSEN, PETER AND  
EDERIKKE (wife). Natives of  
nnmark. Their address in 1890 was  
6 10th Avenue, North Winnipeg,  
tobago.

589.—McREYNOLDS, ROLAY, age  
6 ft., puck-marked. Left Ros-  
re, Danganon, Co. Tyrone, Ireland,  
out 25 years ago, and went to  
mount, Ont; farmer. Mr. Hugh  
Reynolds (nephew) enquires.

**IMPORTANT!**  
An enquiry comes from Cape Town,  
uth Africa, for CHRISTIAN PETER  
DWILL, who has not been heard  
of for twelve months. Was then  
ing in Nelsonville, Ont. His mother  
very anxious to broken-hearted. Ad-  
ress, Mrs. Lindsey, Claremont, South  
rica.

# H.F.-H.F.

**DATES:**  
tuesday, Sunday and Monday,  
August 31st, September 1st, 2nd.

- GET READY! -

# WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

VOL. XL. NO. 45. [General of the U. S. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, JULY. 27, 1895. [Commander for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS.

## BLINDLY SELF-CENTRED.

"Evil is wrought by want of thought."  
**THIS fair white linen, wrought  
for me,  
Is sown by hands that toil  
Between the straits of penury  
And famine, yet my heart can see  
No deadly taint, no soil;  
I read no interwoven spell  
Of Self, high priest of hell.**

**These gay birds in their lofty cage  
Are fondly cherished still—  
Yet through their native forests rage  
Red-handed slaughterers, who wage  
Grim war, for my good will;  
I see no blood, no conscience stings,  
I get me dainty wings.**

**I hear that in a deadlier strife  
Eve's daughters faint and fall—  
But since love holds my guarded life  
Of tender maid or happy wife,  
I heed it not at all;  
Nor feel around my heart the spell  
Of Self, high priest of hell.**

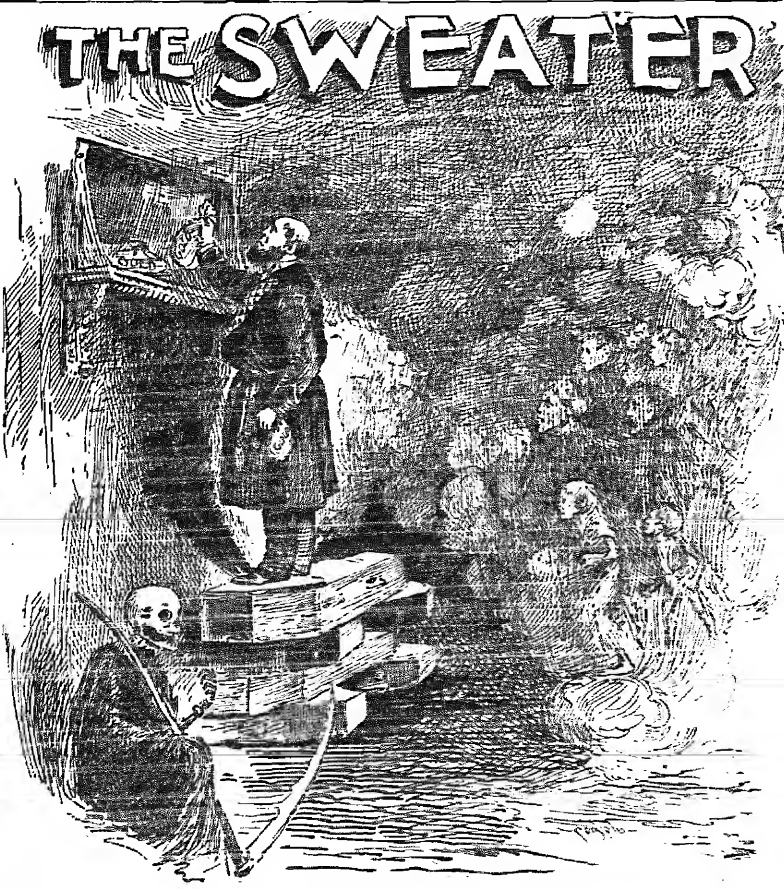
**I greet upon the public ways,  
And welcome to my home,  
Yon roue whose lascivious gaze  
A demon in the man betrays,  
Though he with angels roam.  
Ah! what if one I cherished fell,  
Lured by his light from hell?**

**What if those toiling hands, one day,  
Be pointed all on me?  
What if the woodland slaughterers  
lay  
Red on my skirts their mangled prey,  
That heaven and earth may see;  
And cruel conscience stabs and  
stings,  
For all my dainty things?**

**What if my fallen sisters cry  
For fellowship in pain,  
Since pitiless I passed them by,  
Who scorned from man's betrayal  
lie,  
Powerless to rise again?  
O God of mercy, do away  
This guiltiness, I pray!**

**What if the wine-cup, pressed by me,  
Be red with blood of souls?  
What if the wrongs I would not see  
Came hissing through eternity,  
Like serpents from their holes?  
O Christ of God, speak now love's  
spell  
And break the yoke of hell!**

H. B. D., North, W. A.



"SELF, HIGH PRIEST OF HELL."

Mr John Green says: "Sweating will never be stopped as long as the public insist upon always buying at the very cheapest possible price, irrespective of the condition of the workman."

There is a heinous crime in our modern civilization which should come under the ban of every soldier and servant of Christ, viz.: sweating.

Its root, like all other ungodliness, lies in the selfishness of mankind, but the root has developed most rapidly under the influence of modern business competition. Dollars and cents must be turned in. Six feet of earth will easily accommodate the individual when he "shuffles off this mortal coil," but while acting his part here he ceases almost boundless control. David said to God, "All my springs are in Thee," but the modern sweeter originates all his springs in his own selfishness, from which point they have bolt lines in every direction.

It is urged that it is impossible nowadays to successfully conduct business on the do-as-you-would-be-done-by principle. We may frankly we do not believe this statement. Its disproof can be demonstrated by actual facts, but if any sweeter imagines he is correct in that statement then he should give up all business that cannot be done righteously. Better join the submergers and get a ten wire plot in the Over-Sun Colony than stand on the coffin of the dead to fill up coats. Amongst fortune-makers there are some men who have "made money," every coin of which is enriched with human blood. Is your money clean? Straight talk comes from the Book on this matter. Read:

"Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you.  
"Your riches are corrupted, and your garments moth-eaten.  
"Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days.

"Behold, the hire of the laborers which have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth: and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth."  
—JAMES v. 2, 3 and 4.

Obeth! Oh! thou who hast "made money," dost thou hear that word "crieth"? The voices of your trampled-to-death brethren will yet be heard, though it be not till the great Judgment Day.

JOHN COMPTON.

## CAPT. STUBBS, Of Blenheim.

**SLOWEST MOPES THE LORD EVER SAVED  
—TRIED TO WIGGLE OUT—ADJUT.  
TAYLOR'S INFLUENCE—MAR-  
RIED—FATHER DIED—  
"MORE THAN EVER  
SALVATIONIST."**

MY LIFE has not been a very eventful one. I was neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, but the son of a farmer, consequently I knew more about farming than preaching, though I knew when the preacher did a good thing.

My parents were honest, in every sense of the word. My mother was a Methodist of the plain, old-fashioned type. She never troubled about the fashions. Father made no profession whatever about religion, and said that he did not think those who did were any better than him. He never tasted liquor nor need tobacco, nor would he allow it to be used in the house.

I had good desires, and it that would have made me a Christian I would have been one long ago, but there was something else besides good desires in an evil heart. I did try my hand at being a Christian when young, but I guess I never got in very deep, consequently I soon got out, and lived in that state for a number of years, until the Gospel Army struck down, when I, with some more, were converted. They never preached holiness, soon exploded, and were no more, so we hung on together until the Salvation Army came, took us in, looked after and cared for us.

My I what a time some of the officers had with us. I often wondered how ever they were so patient when some of us were so slow. I think I was the slowest mope the Lord ever saved.

I JOINED the church in the country in the hope of being a blessing to my companions there, quite a number of them being then just converted, and with the majority of them, if not all, I soon began to dry and wither up. In about three or four months I got tired of that and struck back for home, and have been there ever since. I soon applied for the field, and was hoping the photo I sent to Headquarters would give them such an opinion of me they would refuse my application. I tried to wiggle out of it, but had to come down to it in a very short time. Left my home, Walkerton, hall secured, for the Training Home, on July 14, 1890. Managed to pass through that institution perfectly satisfied with the rules and regulations of the Home, especially the influence of Miss Taylor, then in charge.



LLOYD STUBBS, son of Capt. and Mrs. Stubbs, of Blenheim.

Promoted Lieutenant, sent to Prescott, Beuchburg, Almonte, Athens, on furlough, then sent to London II. My, what a place to train one! The Captain skipped and left me. Promoted Captain, and finished the light there alone. Forest next, with a proper, good fight. Souls saved and made in to soldiers. Clinton, Senforth, Mitchell, with the handful of soldiers doing a very good thing, making week end and brigade, \$21.25. Farewell from there, and was married to Captain Sandick on Dec. 19, 1898. Took charge of Godrich. There three months. Got word my father was hurt. Went home immediately, to find he had passed away. Ten

months out, hardly knowing which way to turn or do for the best; made up our minds to take a station, and here we are in Blenheim. We are more than ever Salvationists. Yours in the war,

CAPT. AND MRS. STUBBS,  
Blenheim.

## ONCE MUCH PREJUDICED

— WAS —

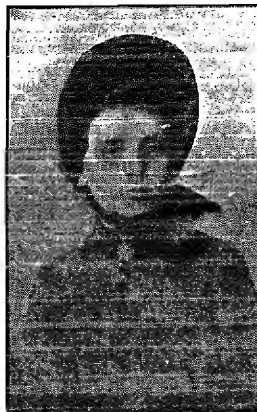
**SERGT. NELLIE DOWNEY,**  
Of Kingston,

Now L. B. Agent, Ward 2, and Candidate.

SAYS ADJUTANT MAGEE to the Editor: "Some time ago you asked for life sketch of agents, with photo. This is my first. I hope to keep it going in future."

"T. A. MAGEE, Adjutant."

Bear, hear, Adjutant—Other L.B. Agents note.—Ed.



SERGEANT NELLIE DOWNEY,  
G.B.M. Agent at Kingston, Ont., Ward No. II.

Born at Sydenham, Ontario. Parents, Church of England. Felt herself a great sinner, especially when lightning flashed and thunder roared. Age of fifteen moved to Kingston. Lived next door to barracks. Seldom attended for two years—much prejudiced. Captain York comes on scene. Souls got saved (Jesus lifted draws the crowd). Much convicted. Could not get saved at home. Volunteered. Found liberty. Seized by fever. Battle for life for four months. Brother and sister got converted, also Roman Catholic church. Lot better. Together with others joined Army. One year a soldier. Promoted War Cry Sergeant. After two years appointed Grace-Before-Meat agent. Now candidate for field. Plays guitar skillfully, sings for Jesus, and is happy.

The above was set up for last week's Cry, but crowded out at the last moment.—Ed.

## HIS FOOTSTEPS.

"Our Lord may come at midday,  
When the noontide meal is spread,  
And take us away to Heaven,  
To feast with Himself instead."

"It may be in the twilight,  
When the day's work is almost done,  
The hour we give to the children,  
Joining their childish fun."

"But to be in the midnight,  
At noontide, or twilight sweet,  
May our lamps be trimmed and burning,  
At the coming of His feet."

—English Cry.

HALIFAX I.—We held our annual picnic on July 3rd at Prince's Lodge. Beautiful day, a large attendance, everyone seemed to enjoy themselves. The Lord is blessing us, sinners are coming to the cross, proving God's power to save. Sergt.-Major Casbin.

## A CORNWALL SOLDIER GOES HOME.

"His warfare now is ended,  
The sounds of battle cease."

Our comrade, Charlie Casson, entered into that rest that remaineth for the people of God on Wednesday night, the 22nd of May, at 10 o'clock, ending



BRO. CHAR. CASSON, late of Cornwall,  
now "present with the Lord."

his seven years of fighting and his 48 years of merces from our Father's hand. Taken ill on Saturday night, neither his family and friends, nor his doctors, thought it was death all Wednesday afternoon. He was able to meet the doctors' warning that man could see no further hope of life for him here with, "It's all right."

His thoughts were for those he was leaving. He wished and looked in vain for his eldest son, who had been sent for from Boston, but his eyes were closed to Cornwall and to earth before he arrived. In the afternoon of that last day he asked his loved daughter to sing. She waited till he repeated his request several times, thinking it was a wandering thought. "Play something, then, dear, if you can't sing," he whispered. She took up the book, and it opened at "I'm the child of a King," a favorite of his, and they sang it together, his voice rising in the song.

It was a very large funeral indeed. A multitude of women and children waited for us at the cemetery, and a great number of Oddfellows and Foresters took part in the service.

"Yes, we'll gather at the river  
That flows by the throne of God."  
M. F., for CAPT. TOOLE.

## A SOLDIER'S LIFE, A SOLDIER'S CROWN.

Sister Mrs. Porter in Heaven.

Seven years ago last January the Salvation Army opened in Kempsville, Capt. Grace McKendle in charge, and one of its first converts was Mrs. W. J. Porter. She knelt at the pedestal form, fully convinced that she was a sinner, and there claimed the promise of the Saviour to "cleanse from all sin." Her conversion was a thorough work, as her life since has proved.

AMONG THE FIRST

to be enrolled was our now "angel-saluted sister," and her one desire was to be a faithful soldier, and many a God-given message she delivered in the open-air and from the platform. For Christ's sake she endured much persecution, but through her faithfulness to the S. A. she endured it like a good soldier. She was also President of the corps of the corps for a year and a half ago her health gave way, and she could not attend the meetings as regularly as was her wont. Yet her faith was in Christ, and a few hours before the end, being very weak, the writer asked her if she was

trusting Jesus for all. She replied, "Oh, yes,"

and her face shone with the light of glory.

Her desire was to have an Army funeral, and some days before her death she told Mrs. Larier that she wanted to be buried as a soldier, in full uniform, song-book, Bible and bonnet placed on the coffin while going to the grave, so that the people could see that she was a Salvationist, but her dying request was not granted, and the corps had not the privilege of performing the last sad rites.

The following Sunday evening Capt. and Mrs. Larier held a most impressive memorial service, which was well attended by soldiers, Christians, and others, who knew the life of our sister. Appropriate songs were sung, also some of her favorite choruses, soldiers and Christians testifying as to how Godly the and beautiful Christian character.

A. M. C.

## Missoula, Mont.

GLORIOUS VICTORIES—ARMY IN SALOON—A LIBERAL PROPRIETOR—HAMILTON'S TIP-TOP TIME—64 WAR CRYS SOLD—PIONEER PARTY.

We altered our usual plan recently. Instead of holding an open-air meeting, we march down the street into the Headquarters Saloon (by the permission of the proprietor), took charge of the platform. It is used for the musicians and Christians. When the collection was taken up the proprietor dropped \$1 in the tambourine. Total collection, \$1.00. God bless the saloon keeper for his generosity toward us and the Army.

(Later)—LIEUT. QUANT and FLAG SERGT. FROST took the train for Hamilton, 48 miles away, to hold the first S. A. meeting there.

Bros. Young, Lawrence, Becker, and Wright, followed later.

As soon as we arrived in Hamilton we found and procured a hall, then began to sell War Crys and announce the evening meeting, and sold sixty-four War Crys that afternoon. At 8 o'clock, on Main street, we had about 200 people standing around the open air, good order prevailed. We then marched to the hall, the crowd following and filling the hall.

The people were told by the Lieutenant that they would be excited when the next meeting would be held in Hamilton. We think that it would be a good place to start a corps, as it will be self-supporting, and that the Army will reach a class that the churches cannot.

There can be four out-posts started in the vicinity: Grant's Dale, three miles; South Corvallis, five miles south-east; Victor, seven miles north, and Stevensville, twenty miles north-west.

This is a thickly settled country. It is a fine lumbering country. They have one of the finest mills west of the Mississippi river; capacity of mill about 200,000 feet per day.

While we were gone to Hamilton to fight the devil, the four comrades that were left at home also had the devil to contend with. While they were on their knees praying in the open-air the devil came, in the shape of a man who is well known in Missoula, and is

A Slave to Strong Drink.

He tried to stop one of the comrades from praying, but he prayed all the longer for God to have mercy on him. He could not stand the red hot shots any longer, but retreated into the saloon. Praise God for the victory once more. On the eve of the 25th.

Lieut. Quant, Bros. Frost and Fredericks

visited the county jail, where a number of men are confined for eight or ten days, and also two women for murder. We sang, prayed, gave them War Crys, and spoke to them about their souls. One of the women said she prayed three or four times a day. God bless the poor souls who are confined there.—Flag-Sergt. Jas. H. Frost and Treasurer W. A. Fredrick.

"THE BLACK D"

Napa  
Corps E



A THOUSAND DO  
— NEW BAR  
PRAYERS AND  
BELLS— WAR  
LITTLE JUNI  
GENS.

ONE OF OUR I  
in the field, Lieut  
of Edmonton, Albe  
a soldier on the o  
batic, came into t  
tain Coulter was  
stuck to her post  
feeling her call to  
fight, she went in  
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has since been sta  
in Edmonton. T  
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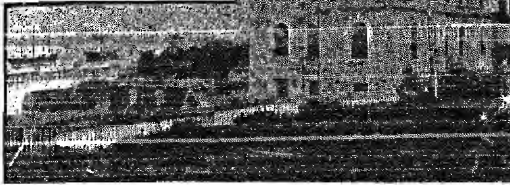
Captain Fraser a  
(Captain) Kadey in  
The work went a  
ever, every night  
operators were in  
the platform often  
as fresh converts  
blood-and-fire sold

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## "THE BLACK DIAMOND CITY."

Nanaimo  
Corps History.

POST OFFICE, NANAIMO.

A THOUSAND DOLLAR LOT LEVELLED  
— NEW BARRACKS SHAPING —  
— PRAYERS AND PLAYERS — FIRE  
— WAR TACTICS — JOLLY  
— LITTLE JUNIORS — NUMBERLESS  
GEMS.

ONE OF OUR LASSIE OFFICERS in the field, Lieutenant Annie Hurst, of Edmonton, Alberta, who had been a soldier on the other side of the Atlantic, came into the corps while Captain Coulter was in charge. She stuck to her post as a soldier until, feeling her call to the front of the fight, she sent in her application as a candidate, was accepted, and farewelled April 18, 1894, for Winnipeg Garrison. After four months' service there she was promoted, and has since been stationed in Mooseomin and Edmonton. The opinion of many when she left Nanaimo was that she would be dead in three months, but she is not dead yet, and asserts that she does not feel a bit like dying, but still belongs to

## The "Cheer-Up Brigade."

When these two brave lassies said good-bye to Nanaimo the corps was in splendid condition, both financially and spiritually. Captain Fraser and Lieutenant (now Captain) Kudey next took charge. The work went ahead faster than ever, every night the marches and manoeuvres were well attended, while the platform often proved too small, as fresh converts were made into blood-and-fire soldiers.

During Captain Fraser's term of command a very important business transaction took place, viz., the purchase of the ground on which the S. A. barracks now stands. The price of the lot, \$1,000, was raised by the soldiers, exclusive of outside help. The lot was very rough, and many an hour's work was put in by the soldiers levelling it down and getting it in shape for building.

Another advance made about this time was the forming of a brass band. Previously, the only music by which the message of salvation had been delivered to the people on the street was that produced by

## The Lusty Throats

of the soldiers, in addition to the valuable aid of the big drum. The prospective bandmen set to work with a will, some instruments were procured, and a young man offered to teach them free of charge. This was no small task, but under his supervision they made steady progress. The first tune accomplished was the well-known song,

"I believe we shall win,"

and is characteristic of the spirit in which the effort was put forth. God helped them, and they did win. In his strength, as can be seen by the flourishing brass band of Nanaimo corps to-day. When Joe Williamson became an Evangelist he was appointed bandmaster. Under his leadership the band went ahead, and has been ever since, though B. M. Williamson has removed from Nanaimo to California. At present Bandmaster A. Duggan leads them on to victory.

## In Matters Musical,

with the instructive assistance of his brother, the original teacher, who is now a soldier, and in the name of their Saviour they are going forward, desirous of being a help and blessing to others who are in sin. They fully understand that it is necessary to be prayers as well as players, and as they use their instruments in producing the music, they want to be used in God's hand in saving souls.

The next in charge was Captain Hayes, an officer who has only to be known to be loved by everyone. During her stay she was assisted by Lieutenant Allanson, and the Scottish lassie also, Lieutenant Johnson. She was much used of God while here.

Many sinners were turned into blood-and-fire soldiers.

IN FEBRUARY, 1892, on the occasion of the visit of Commissioner D. Rees to the coast, the land for the barracks was dedicated by him, and quite a large sum of money raised for the building.

An officer, well known in Ontario, went to the Training Home from this corps when Captain Hayes was in charge. We refer to Captain Charles Beachell, whose life history appeared in the War Cry a few months ago. On his arrival in Nanaimo in March, 1891, he was a "member" of the Methodist church, but, to use his own words, a very poor one. God wanted him in the Army, and, after a few months' consideration, he could be found on the platform.

## Clad in Gospel Armour.

After fighting some time as a soldier, the call for the field came. He obeyed, and on June the 8th, 1892, farewelled from "the old corps that brought him to the fold."

Since that time, having been promoted to the rank of Captain, he has had many and varied appointments, but God's grace has been sufficient every step of the way, and he thanks Him for ever leading him to the S. A. in Nanaimo.

The corps was in splendid condition, finances good, and the soldiers' roll on the increase, when—farewell orders again.

We were glad to welcome in our midst Captain Massecar, of Victoria, and Lieutenant Faskin.

These officers were well-known War Cry workers, and many different incidents could be told which were experienced while

## Bombarding the Saloons.

Then, as now, many of the bartenders took the War Cry every week, and were greatly disappointed if by any means they were missed, but occasionally an exception to the rule was found.

Captain Massecar one day went in to a saloon, and, on asking the young man behind the bar to buy a War Cry, received an answer in the affirmative. He had only time to lay down the money when the proprietor, who was present, said that no War Cry were to be sold in his house, as the S. A. people were always working against his business. The bartender was determined to have the Cry, and his employer vice versa. To settle their difference they started to fight, but in the meanwhile the prudent Captain procured the money, left the War Cry, and went his way.

## LIVE.

DUCKS, CHICKENS, FOWL,  
and even a STEER were  
donated to last year's

Harvest Festival, HURRAH!



## That Chief of Police—Didn't we Sing—Old Veterans—Crowds and Souls.

We are STILL IN SANDUSKY, having grand meetings outside and in. Sunday morning we had a grand open-air. At our hall the Chief of Police met us and would not allow us to play our band, but we did sing, you can just imagine.

Out again, and crowds gathered, listened, and followed us to the hall, packed from platform to the door. BURLER, OUR NOTED EX-MONK, was to tell the story of his conversion.

After this, the Adjutant, accompanied by Bro. Amies, of the Brigade, and Bro. Stapleton, of Sandusky, paid another visit to

## The Old Soldiers' Home.

Three hundred were there to meet them, and followed them up to their library.

Oh, what a sight, to see hundreds of old veterans, who had fought so nobly for their country, drinking in every word! Here there a sigh could be heard, followed by tears.

THE HALL WAS CROWDED before we returned. Oh, the need of salvation in Sandusky!

This is a city of twenty thousand population. There are 280 saloons, and I am told, on good authority, that there are over two hundred young women in

## These Hell-Holes of Sin.

Business houses are all open on Sunday, and everything is going on just the same, and yet there is no S. A. here.

When we bid farewell we had the largest meeting of our stay, one of the finest and best of the trip. Even in this city of sin we had to thank God for two precious souls who sought mercy.

Tuesday we LEFT FOR CANADA. Spent a night at an out-post called WHEATLEY, and started off for CHELSEA. We have had three grand meetings in this city. There are nine corps, a Rescue Home, and Children's Shelter. This is a salvation city, but yet there is lots of work to be done. J. V. A.

TEMPLE—Victory is our song this morning, a hard fight all week, but last night the break came. EIGHTY surrendered. Great rejoicing among the troops. Hallelujah!—E-sign Ayre.



GENERAL VIEW OF NANAIMO, B. C.

# MAJOR JEWER.

Word Received from Heavenly Headquarters to

"MOVE ON"  
Yet Another Step.

## The Boy.

JAMES JEWER was born in NEW-FOUNDLAND. The son of a sea-captain, Harbor Grace was his birth-place.

Before his mother's death he had attended Sunday school and church, but only because he had to. Afterwards he dropped it entirely, having no personal interest in it, and seeing there was no one to keep him up to it. His father was away six or eight months a year, so with his brothers and sisters he was left almost entirely to himself. As to religious convictions or aspirations, they were almost entirely absent until he met the Army.

## The Man.

He decided he wanted to be a SHOE-MAKER, so he had a try at a shoe factory. He snooed got tired and threw it up.

Next he knuckled down to BARTENDING, till someone met him in the street and asked him if he was going to spend his life POURING OUT DAMNATION to his fellow-creatures. Soon after he found he was tired of that job, too, but it was not from any conscientious scruples he gave up bar-tending.

CARPENTERING was the next venture. Flourishing the hammer, building and framing houses, he found full scope for his super-abundant energy. The crowd amongst whom he worked took a liking to him, and the now he learned to like the taste of liquor far too well.

He was always a great one for life. LIFE! Give him anything with plenty of life and action, and he could be as happy as the day was long, whilst whatever savored of "religion" he utterly abhorred—regarding it as the very antipodes of his own nature. Still the voice of God spoke to him with words of warning in a way that he could not choose but hear through many a scene around him, in those days of lawless, reckless fun and frolic. More than once he barely escaped with his life.

## The Salvationist.

At last the Salvation Army came to St. John's. They opened fire at a place called "The Barrens." Crowds and hundreds were there to be won, including many Catholics, and the greeting they received, was a warm one.

Now, although "one of the boys," and cherishing a profound enmity towards anything "religious," still he loved to see fair play. So, as soon as odds and stones began to fly freely, he was in for a fight, and hustled his way through to get near the women to take their part, thoroughly enjoying the row.

Nothing would induce him to go in to the meetings, however, for a long time, until they opened in an old factory. Even then he did not like it, his prejudice against hymn-singing and such-like was too strong. But some of his friends "got saved," and the change in them was so evident that he had to admit to himself that there was "something in it."

Then it was not long before he was SOUNDLY CONVERTED.

It was not long before he found himself in front of the battle as Cadet in the field.

It seemed to him to be a splendid thing to be alive and able to fight with all his might and all his time for the Kingdom of God.

After Cadet, Lieut. Jewer was sent to Halifax. New Glasgow, Dart-

## THE WAR CRY.



MAJOR JEWER.

mouth, Fredericton, St. John I., and Charlottetown followed.

After this he became A. D. C. to Brigadier Scott, then he was sent in charge of the St. John District, under Brigadier Jacobs; finally to the Halifax District. The Commandant visited his quarters there whilst waiting to cross the water.

Soon after, he "got a move on" to Toronto, in charge of the Temple Corps and Toronto District. Then as A. D. C. to Central Province, Commander of the Naval Brigade, Delegate to the C. P. London, England, and leader of the Belt-Denial Brigade, he spent a very eventful year. Promoted STAFF-CAPTAIN, and accompanied the General right through from B. C. A long sickness kept him behind the scenes for some weeks, till as Acting Provincial Secretary for Central Ontario, he took the title of MAJOR.

## What His Comrades Say.

PROFOUND AND HEARTFELT are the expressions of grief amongst his comrades at Headquarters, and throughout the Province, in fact from end to end of the Dominion. There is universal mourning, as when a hero falls, and yet the cloud has a radiant silver lining.

TO THE COMMANDANT AND MRS. BOOTH the death of Major Jewer has come like a great shock, for he was exceedingly beloved by his leaders. He was one of their most devoted and most loyal officers, one who never caused them a moment's anxiety.

COLONEL HOLLAND looked as if his heart were too full for speech. "Dear old Jewer," he said, "I cannot realize the fact that he has gone. His death is a great blow to the Canadian Army. Men of his stamp are, unfortunately, very few."

"Why he should have been taken just at the moment when we appeared to need him most is hard to understand: it is, however, one of those matters which we can leave with God in all confidence."

"In a letter I received, previous to the telegram, Mrs. Jewer says: 'HE SUFFERED EXCRUCIATING PAIN for two days and one night, and his sufferings then were only relieved by the morphine powder. The pain he passed through as reduced him that he became as helpless as an infant.'

"I cannot tell you the darkness of the past two weeks. But in my darkness there has been a ray of light shed abroad, and now I feel my being, that nothing is 'impossible with God.' Major told me on Wednesday afternoon that a few days more and all would be over, but I cannot give him up."

"Major said you must write Toronto telling them how I am, so they may know and pray. Ask the comrades to pray. Our God is the living God, and will answer, I do believe."

BRIGADIER JACOBS pushed all his papers to one side.

"It seems almost impossible to believe Major Jewer has departed from our midst," he pondered, sorrowfully. "I have personally known him for nearly six years, been acquainted with him in a way that some others have not."

"I knew him first as a Captain, and saw him last as a Major at the Union station, Toronto, on his way to the East."

## He Loved God,

worked hard for souls, believed firmly in putting forth every possible effort to get them saved. He had no sympathy for the extremely sentimental people, whose sentiment did not reach practice.

"He believed more in principle than porcupine. When the human trembled and gave way he still held to the principle. Such men Canada can ill afford to lose. I pray in and through his death more may be slain than in his life-time."

MAJOR READ, himself far from well, continued:

"LOVING, DEVOTED, LOYAL, hard-working, humble as a child, brave as a warrior, his very presence always had an influence for good over me. I love to tell people from personal experience that Major Jewer fought his way right through the gates of Heaven. His last public words, that, did God see fit to spare his life, he would gladly take the hardest corps in the Dominion, is proof of his devotion and love for the flag. Who will take this fallen warrior's place?"

ADJUTANT PHILLIPS said: "I cannot express how deeply I feel this blow, personally."

"I have known the Major for the last seven years, and his life has ever been to me an inspiration. I knew him down east before he came to Toronto."

"I thoroughly believe he was

A Salvationist to the Very Heart's Core.

He would have died for the cause, it was his life, he was wrapt up in it with his whole soul. It is as heavy a blow as the Army could have experienced. We want more men like him."

He was frequently in and out of the office, talking and cheering us up, and though, of course, to a certain extent, we expected it, the news of his death has come as a terrible shock."

"ON THE TRIP TO ENGLAND last summer, Major Jewer was a father to the whole C. P. contingent. Whilst most of us were sea-sick, he was the very essence of kindness and sympathy, cheering us up—in fact, he was the life of the party."

PERTH.—We have two outposts in this place, where we visit occasionally. Good crowds, great attention, also fair collections. The names are Fairbroke and Lanark. Perth is still in existence. Looking forward for a break. Receiving new cannon and fresh powder. Going to the coast of N. T., and A. A. Kelly.

## Brigadier Clibborn,

Cosmopolitan Salvationist.

ONE OF THE OVER-SEA-COLONY FOREIGN PARTY.

A Few Notes About His Work in South America and Other Places.

A genuine Salvationist he is. Medium build, stocky compact, with a broad face, and kindly, sparkling, expressive eyes, unassuming, full of and mustaches, and every movement gentlemanly. He greets you with a smile and a heartiness that is infectious.

BRIGADIER CLIBBORN has just paid a flying visit to Toronto Headquarters on his way to the Northwest. Accompanying the Commandant, he goes to reconnoitre on behalf of the Over-Sea Colony. His distinguished brother, Commander Booth Clibborn, of France, he is AN IRISHMAN by birth. He belongs to a Quaker family, and was brought up under the religious influence of that body.

Being of rather an independent frame of mind, and being desirous to shake off the "religious atmosphere of his own surroundings," he started for California at the age of twenty, and after ten years of an exciting and adventurous life in the GOLD AND SILVER MINING CAMPS of Colorado, New Mexico, and Old Mexico, he returned to the Old Country ten years later.

## A Professed Infidel.

WHILE IN PARIS for a few days' diversion before returning to Mexico, he ran across the Salvation Army, and at once became interested.

Shortly after his conversion he entered the ranks of the Army, and was dispatched as Lieutenant to assist in establishing some posts in France, near the German frontier. While on this service, and holding an operator near one of the frontier forts, he was ARRESTED AS A PRUSSIAN SPY by the French authorities and marched into the fort, with the bayonets of two sentries at his back. Happily, the officer in command knew something about the Salvation Army, and so the dangerous spy was soon set at liberty.

In one of the villages in which he worked, THREATS OF HANGING were freely uttered by the misinformed population, and one attempt was made to put the threat into practice.

After several years' work in France he was promoted to the rank of Major, and MARKED IN PARIS to an officer who had already been in the work some years. They were appointed to the work in French Switzerland, during which time a solid work was accomplished.

During their several years' command in BELGIUM a number of posts were established, but the excessive strain had so impaired the Major's health that he was ordered on furlough, Mrs. Clibborn being left in command in Belgium.

The Major's next station was to SOUTH AFRICA, where, at the General's bidding, a number of properties were examined and reported on in connection with the establishment of the Over-the-Sea Colony.

Then came orders to take command of the work in SOUTH AMERICA. In the Argentine and Uruguayan Republics, with their five million population, the Brigadier found ample scope for his energy.

During two years the work has been thoroughly organized, and it is now in a satisfactory condition, taking into consideration the peculiar difficulties, and that it is a Catholic country.

A year ago he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier.

His answer to a cable he sent last year was:

## GREAT FALLS

HALLELUJAH

Showers of Rain  
Showers

IN A BRE

Great Falls Sold  
"The Glorious  
a Picn

At the picnic ground north of the city, a very big crowd of people were gathered. The weather was beautiful, and the picnic was a success. The appetite could not be satisfied, and the crowd was very large. The picnic was a success, and the weather was beautiful.

The New B

In process of construction, everyone was shortly, and soon arrived, and ranged round the building.

commenced "showers" of rain, duets, quartets, and songs. The weather was very happy. Every body was happy. Many spent the first time in God did not fail to show between serving the Lord. No more holidays. God was with us. That good had been caused, by showing that we could enjoy still find time to pray. The result of the meeting was that we saw at the in our hall at night.

At night we had a when everybody told been saved from.

Drink, Morphine

were the principal very happy. A special taken up to make up forty dollars of cost present treasurer D

GRAND FARM—T



adler Clibborn,

Comes Metropolitan Salvationist.

THE OVER-SEA-COLONY PIONEER PARTY.

Notes About His Work South America and Other Places.

Salvationist he is. Medi- d, nicely compact, with a es, and kindly, sparkling, ex- over, mentally full beard ustachion, and every move- entionably. He greets you and a heartiness that ions.

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## GREAT FALLS'

HALLELUJAH PICNIC.

Showers of Rain and Showers of Blessing.

IN A BREWERY.

Great Falls Soldiers Celebrate "The Glorious Fourth" by a Picnic.

At the picnic grounds the order went forth, "everybody enjoy themselves," and they did. At one o'clock lunch was announced. A sumptuous feast, with everything before us that the appetite could wish. The feast had scarcely commenced when a dark cloud, that had been the point of ob- servation for some time, sent forth its warning notes. Shortly after the broken fragments had been gathered the rain commenced. Someone sug- gested going to

The New Brewery,

in process of construction. Nearly everyone was shortly on the move, and soon arrived. Seats were ar- ranged round the building, and then



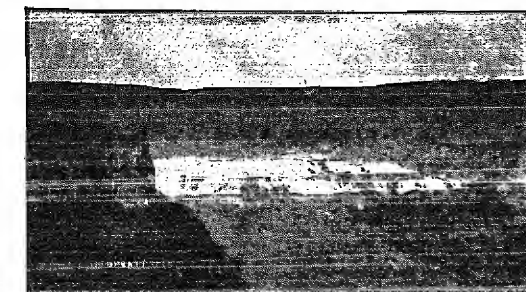
MARKETING WOOL in Great Falls.

commenced "showers of blessings." Solos, duets, quartettes and choruses rang through the building. Everyone was happy. Everyone had a few- thirty. Many spent the fourth for the first time in God's service, and did not fail to show the difference between serving the devil and serving God. No sore heads, and no sore hearts. God was with us indeed. We felt that good had been done for the cause, by showing the sinners around that we could enjoy ourselves, and still find time to praise God. As a result of the meeting, some of the faces we saw at the brewery were in our hall at night.

At night we had a liberty meeting, when everybody told what they had been saved from.

Drink, Morphine and Tobacco

were the principal things. All were very happy. A special collection was taken up to make up the loss of some forty dollars of corps money. Our present treasurer lives out several



THE GREAT FALLS, MONTANA.

miles, and the officers have to act as treasurer. Forty dollars at an S. A. quarters is unusual, and so the person that took it must have thought. Everybody pray for the man that stole the money.

Great Falls corps will yet furnish many officers for the work. We have a number who should be in the work now, although we shall miss them very much. We feel that God wants them, so we say, amen, hallelujah! Everybody is pleased with the new officers, and shall be glad to see them very often. Yours for God and souls, HARLEY.

Off for Helena.

After again going over a high moun- tain in zig zag fashion, our train en- tered a fertile looking valley. First many places showed signs of lumber- ing and cord-wood cutting. The cut wood is floated down the mountains by "shoots," being sluices built for a long way of board, and carried by trestles over gaps and streamlets, to the destiny. There is also consider- able farming done, and altogether the valley from Butte to Helena is thick- ly enough populated to be worked as a corps without difficulty. A few mines and smelters help to make things lively.

A few miles before reaching Helena the mountains diverge to right and left and leave a large flat. We passed right through Helena, until we again enter the mountains northerly. The plains are covered with a species of wild cactus, called "prickly pear," which is now in full bloom, having a large, yellow flower. There is not so much of a population here, nor has the country such an encouraging aspect. However, after we touch the Missouri River and follow its valley, there appear a few thrifty settle- ments. Irrigation is the solution of the difficulty caused by the lack of rain. They tell us in Great Falls that from spring to fall there is next to no rain at all.

Great Falls is a nice town, of clean appearance. The great smelters are a considerable distance out of town, on the banks of the Missouri, which has some attractive falls here, and whose water power is utilized to ad- vantage. The banks are high. The greatest falls of the Missouri are about fifteen miles northerly from the city.

Capt. Gillette and wife had a "Breakers' Home" and ice cream social the night before our visit, and another ice cream affair that night. Our meetings were held in a special hall, and a very good audience greet- ed us on Thursday evening. The sol- diers turned out well. Salvationists in families here. I can't remember how many of those in families were represented, but they seemed numer- ous as the sand on the seashore.

Friday night we had the joy of see- ing one soul come to the Saviour and determine to have another go at the devil. We marched out at 10 p.m. and had an open-air of half-an-hour in front of a music and beer hall. While a female orchestra served music to beer and whiskey, we preached Jesus Christ and His salvation to a splendid crowd outside, and believe that God's Spirit gripped many hearts. Captain and Mrs. Gillette, and four little Gillettes, are all alive, and mean to be so to their oppor- tunities to advance the kingdom.

A convert from Helena, who was with us, told how God had saved him from his terrible sin. He used to take 28 grains of morphine to keep him- self going, but now is delivered from that curse.

Back to Helena on Saturday. We were sorry to find Capt. Melndoe not well, and pray that her treatment may be blessed by God to the restora- tion of her health. The barracks is situated right on Main street, be- tween cabarets, etc., where all our bar-

racks ought to be. Saturday the crowds turned out very good indeed, and the hot weather necessitated an ice cream social to cool us all off. So you see they did not want us to get excited in any of the corps.

Sunday meetings went off well. If God was with us, who can win against us? There were quite a few splendid cases of conversion here. Look out, Mr. War Cry, for some in- teresting news and life experiences from this corps. Two soldiers en- rolled, "one at the time," on Sunday afternoon. Sunday night one soul found pardon. He was a railroader who got so convicted on Saturday that he could not sleep much, and was in misery all day on Sunday. God delivered him and blessedly saved that

Monday we had the pleasure of meeting with the officers from Butte, Capt. Stevens and Lieut. Lester, Lieut. Quant, from Missoula, and Capt. and Mrs. Gillette, from Great Falls. We had a very profitable and blessed time in our little council, and all felt that God united us in the one desire to lift up the flag that salva- tion may be spread on every hand. Now, watch us and see if not every one of these officers will take the kingdom of God by violence and boom salvation.

At night we went to church. The committee of the First Baptist church had ex- tended a kind invita- tion to us to hold our jubilee in their church. We gave a review of the Army's work, followed with songs and addresses from different officers. One soul came to Jesus and found pardon. Another sought salvation, but not be- ing willing to forgive her offender, could not find forgiveness of God. May Jesus soon find her willing and save her.

After eleven days' absence we got back to Spokane, with a greater hope for the future. Victory must come if God does not die.

Violous of scolders and W. P. R. in- duced me to say good-bye till the next time.

MAJOR BRUNO FRIEDRICH.

MR. LAWFORD, OF THE O.S.C. Survey Party.

"She was all packed up and ready. Died a beautiful death."

So said Mr. Lot Lawford to the writer on the day of his arrival in Toronto.

"But who is this Lot?"

"Well, he is the farmer who comes from England and accompanies the Commandant, Colonel Stitt, and Brig- adier Clibborn on their survey trip to the Great Northwest."

"But they say this Mr. Lawford is a relative of Major Read's. Is that so?"

"Yes, my friend, that is so, and the Major well remembers the time when his cousin, Mr. Lawford, used to fight bravely for the Army when they first bombarded Basingstoke. In fact, Mr. Lawford's arm still feels the effect of that grip he gave the R. A. colors to keep them from passing in- to the hands of a howling mob."

"Then he must be a Salvationist?"

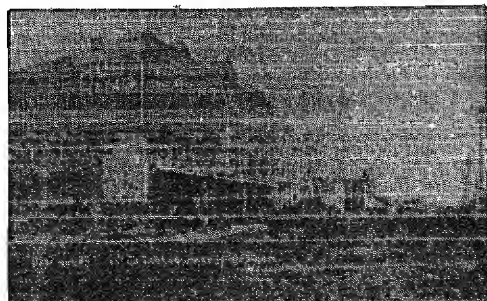
God bless this saved farmer.

## PACIFIC POINTERS.

SAVED ON A DEATH-BED — BOUL- DER VALLEY — "PRIORLY PEAK" — GREAT FALLS — ICE CREAM — SAL- VATION IN FAMILIES — HELENA MEETINGS AND OFFICERS' COUNCIL — THE ARMY GOES TO CHURCH.

Capt. Stevens and Lieut. Losser were called away at night to see a dying man, who wanted to get saved, and did find pardon. He died happy a few days afterwards and was buried by the Army. Hallelujah to our Bar- four!

It was here where, not many months ago, a fire reached a deposit of powder and caused the death of about 100 souls, as well as many in- jured.



GREAT FALLS—The building with the X marked above is the Barracks.

## LATEST! THE GENERAL IN DENMARK.

King's Garden celebration at Copenhagen, 6000 people present. Final engagement in the Riding House. Seventy souls. Beautiful Officers' Councils. 200 souls during Congress. Big Social advance. New Shelter to accommodate 250 men. Liberal contributions.

## The Commandant and O. S. C. Party.

TORONTO, Monday, July 15.

Commandant and Over-Sea-Colony surveying party left for Edmonton District noon to-day, on inspection tour.

**War Cry.**  
OFFICIAL ORGAN OF  
**THE SALVATION ARMY**  
IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.  
A Journal devoted to the salvation of the lost and sanctification of the saved, together with the propagation of the Salvation War in all places.  
Address all communications to the Editor, Salvation Army Headquarters, Toronto.

## MUCH-LOVED MAJOR JEWER.

He is gone!  
Brave warrior. Child-like heart.  
Loyal Salvationist. Happy, smiling  
follower of Jesus.  
Ready to go to any position, anywhere, and just the kind of man needed—no line fallen in the fight.  
Like Knobel, "he was not, for God took him."

Why?  
We know not.  
We do not understand. So far as we can see his place is here. The open doors before the Army, and the possibilities they offer for service in the cause of God and Humanity, at the present hour, are stupendous. Men of Major Jewer's stamp are what we most need, yet it has pleased God to promote him to His own presence, and we bow in submission to the Divine decree, believing that "the Judge of all the earth will do right." Our Father has permitted it, no He has permitted many other, to us, mysterious providences, and our answer is, "the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

## THE ONE SPECIALLY BEREAVED.

Our profound and now excited comrades has left one heart behind which must bleed as no other does. The two little ones cannot realize their great loss, but Mrs. Major Jewer feels the blankness of the world and the deep loneliness of widowhood, now that her noble husband and companion has gone from her side. For her the War Cry has no need to bespeak prayerful sympathy, for wherever the news of Major Jewer's translation to glory has reached over all this wide territory that sympathy will flow out spontaneously in no stinted measure. The Commandant and Mrs. Booth spoke in the highest possible terms of the Major as he died, and the following words, telegraphed to Mrs. Jewer by the Commandant on receipt of the sad news, declare the feelings of our leaders to the last:—

"Your message fills us with deep sorrow and sympathy. Our be-

loved Jewer is not lost, but gone before. Rely upon all our love and help can do for you. Exceedingly regret enforced departure Winnipeg to-morrow prevents my proceeding East conduct funeral. Have therefore instructed Brigadier Scott to represent me."

God bless and sustain dear Mrs. Jewer. Amen and amen.

## A PRINCE IN OUR ISRAEL.

It is indeed a stretch of the imagination to say that all our people grieve over the loss. Reached and saved in an obscure city, outside which his name, otherwise, would, likely enough, not have been heard, he illustrates powerfully the unique ability of the Army to make winners of its people who have the sterling worth and ability necessary to fill the position. We say "prince" advisedly, for many a prince has died lacking the affection and sympathy so plentifully showered on dear Major Jewer.

Launched on the strong tides which prevail in the Army, he made royal progress, and had attained to a high and honorable rank and sphere of immense influence when the sword fell from his hand, and he reached higher for the palm of victory.

His absence renders it increasingly urgent to put most pointedly the question to every reader. Will you go to fill the place on the field he has left vacant? Look in the face of Jesus Christ, see what He has done as His share in redeeming this sin-swept world, and answer.

## THE O.S.C. SURVEY PARTY.

The survey party, which left Britain July 6th, arrived at Toronto eight days after in excellent spirits, looking hale and hearty. Reference has already been made to the party (in the Commandant's Topics, see No. 42), which consists of Colonel Stitt, (whose life sketch and portrait appeared in War Cry No. 40), Governor of the Farm Colony, Haddleigh, Britain, Brigadier Clibborn, from South America, and Mr. Lawford, a practical and successful English farmer. The whole world has its eyes on them, although they came and left Toronto so unobtrusively. Too urgently pressed as they are for time to conduct many meetings, they will yet get a typical and whole-hearted welcome wherever a Salvationist gets near them, and they will give it. The Commandant heads the party.

ERRATA.—In the headline of last week's report of Ingersoll \$388 should read \$382.

**By Mail: Bag.**

"She Being Dead Yet Speaketh."

Dear Editor:  
Just a line or two to you re our departed comrade, Capt. Hardman.  
Her life will always be to me an example of humble devotion and unflinching faith. It was one of those lives that shame the scouter at sacred things because it was holy.  
Her own difficulties were lost sight of in caring for the woes of others, while she herself lived in touch with her God.  
CAPT. W. MITCHELL.

We have secured a very desirable building, central location, for our Headquarters, and are now doing business for God and the S. A. war for all we are worth. Good luck to our Cry! ENSIGN F. B. BEEA.  
ADDRESS of the Pacific Province is 8255 Stephens Street, Spokane, Wash.

Dear Editor:—I was thinking wouldn't it be a good idea to have a column in the War Cry devoted to useful information, hints, recipes of different kinds, or anything that would benefit the readers in a temporal way?

SERGT.-MAJOR CASSIN.  
Answer.—Yes, send on recipes answering to above; also see "useful information" column.—Editor.



**MARRIAGES.**  
Captain Dodge, of Collingwood, to Captain V. Jones, of Ottawa, on June 19th, at Ottawa, by the Commandant.  
Captain Pugh, Grace-bakers-Went Agent, Western Province, to Captain Brink, of the Ottawa Reserve Home, June 19th, by the Commandant, at Ottawa.  
AROUSE & PUN, Toronto Social, to Captain Asling, of Morrisburg, at Toronto, July 8th, by the Commandant.

**PROMOTIONS.**  
Captain Hickey, of the Industrial Colony, to be ENSIGN.  
Lieutenant H. D. Bala, General Secretary's office, Territorial Headquarters, to be Captain.  
Lieutenant Frank (formerly Bala), to be Captain.  
Lieutenant Hilde, Industrial Colony, to be Captain.

**APPOINTMENTS.**  
ADJUTANT COWAN, Malabar House Home, to be ENSIGN.  
ENSIGN McDONALD, Ottawa Reserve Home, to be Captain.  
ENSIGN FOX, Toronto Social, to take charge of London Social Work.  
ENSIGN WATKINS, O. O. Lindsay District, to take charge of Central Ontario Ladies' Home Road.  
HARRIS H. BORN, Commissioner.

## Headquarters' CRUMBS.

SWEPT UP BY HARDFAK.

MRS. BOOTH'S FAVORITE SLUM CORPS, the Toronto Slum Corps No. 1, is still doing its God-blessed work around Centre street. The results of the labors of these devoted ladies will be made manifest only on the final reckoning day.

ON COLONEL HOLLAND'S SHOULDER falls some extra burdens during our leader's absence. Let us all bear him up.

MAJOR HOWELL is touring as far north as Sudbury. Mrs. Howell, on another tour, gets to Brantford. The Ladies' Band will do the Brantford, Lindsay, and Elfridge districts, and the Tent Brigade goes up Collingwood way. So much for the C. O. I.

LATEST PROMOTIONS. — Captain Hickey becomes Ensign, and Lieutenant Bala takes the red braid. Congratulations all round.

ADJUTANT MANTON, in addition to his P. G. B. work at Yorkville, takes the oversight of the City G. B. M. Scheme.

HURRAH for the Talent Scheme! Ensign Ayre has rolled up \$55, of which the War Cry Sergeant, Mrs. Pierce, gets \$10.

CANDIDATES, this way! Adjutant Turner has handed the Commandant the papers of four new cases. What about yours, brother, sister?

CHANGES! A farewell comes off almost immediately, in which the Temple, Riverside, St. Catharines, Elfridge, Lindsay, and Oshawa corps are affected.

THE STAFF BAND spent the Sunday at St. Catharines. The afternoon meeting in the park was superb. 'Twas rather rough on the way back. Ask the boys how they liked it!

THE WOMEN WARRIORS' BRASS BAND had a splendid day at Oshawa. The buildings were packed, \$17 worth taken, and two souls got saved. Volunteers are wanted.

THE COMMANDANT has arranged to be present at the Hamilton and Corbett's Point Camps in the middle of August.

THE C. O. ANNIVERSARY MEETINGS are coming off early in September. The Mamey Music Hall is taken for a Musical Festival.

KINGSTON.—In spite of the weather and the many attractions in a city like Kingston, we get our crowds on Sundays, and good open-air there! The work. Our brass band does good service in helping us reach the giddy crowds. God bless the bandmaster and band boys. The string band also helps beautifully in open-air. Sunday we had a grand time. TWO souls for cleansing and FOUR back-sliders and ONE sinner at night.—J. F. Fildmore, Lieut.

## TELEGRAPHED

FROM  
West Meringham, N. S., by Mrs. Major Jewer.

July 14th, '95.  
Major promoted to heaven at ten o'clock last night. Funeral New Glasgow Tuesday, 2 p.m.

## Capt. Hardman

Quits St. Catharines for Canada.

## A MOST GLORIOUS DEATH-DEB.

"How Beautiful, It's a Free Passage"—She Saw Angels.

Out of EIGHT MONTHS' SEVERE ILLNESS, nine weeks spent in the hospital. Here she died. Her suffering was in the extreme severe, yet she always had hopes of recovering.

We found A LITTLE NOTE written by her hand. Here is it:—  
"I am, O St. Catharines March 19, 1895. TRUST GOD. In quietness and in confidence shall be our strength."

"Jesus, I will trust Thee. I desire health only that I may use it for God in pointing poor, lost sinners to Jesus."

This was her life's ambition.

## To do Something for Sinners.

She often would say, "O, how I would appreciate my privilege as an Army officer if I only had my health again!" She desired so much to live that she might work, yet was quite satisfied to have God's will in everything.



THE LATE CAPT. HARDMAN.

Just before passing away, she asked her sisters, who were staying with her, to rise on her wings and they would all go together.

Then, with another thought, in readiness she exclaimed, "I have leave!—it's a free passage! We have nothing to fear! Jesus will take us through!"

A little later

She Said, "Angels," and Passed Away.

July 2nd we took her earthly frame to Larkwood, and were met at the depot by officers, soldiers, and a large number of citizens.

MRS. ENSIGN HOWELL and Palmerston soldiers assisted as pall bearers. Many people met at the house for the service, when the Rev. Mr. Hopkins read from the word of God, and we marched to the cemetery.

A most impressive service was held. The soldiers testified to her life being such a blessing as a soldier. Mrs. Dowell spoke of her Godly life as a Cadet, and I was able to tell them something of her deep, loyal devotion to God and His work, as an officer.

ENSIGN MYLES.

BRAMPTON.—Desperate encounter with the powers of darkness. Victory on Jehovah's side. TWO SOULS in the fountain. I do believe!—Capt. J. A. Whiteman.



## A Friday Night Good-Bye

## THE COMMANDANT

TO  
The Officers and Soldiers of  
Toronto.

Threatening weather hindered numerically, but not apparently the enthusiasm of the soldiers who, at short notice, assembled to hear the Commandant's farewell words, previous to his departure out west.

The meeting was convened in the Soldiers' Assembly Hall, Temple.

Major Read blew up the fire by leading the knee-drill previous to the Commandant's advent. Guess the Major imagined himself out west again by the style he led off and was followed.

|||||

The Commandant, who was in capital spirits, called for a family circle and a family party, and this will give an idea of the style of meeting we had. The Commandant wanted to talk to his soldiers as he could not to the public generally. Then he unfolded the Social Scheme, from its beginning to the yet untrodden future, from the despairing poverty of Old Country conditions to the grand future, when, as a free man, in body, soul, and spirit, the once submerged dweller in his own house, on his own farm, a happy, saved, prosperous citizen of earth and heaven. I believe the whole crowd would have volunteered to go had they been asked. As it was, Brigadier Jacobs, who was invited to say a word, had for once the wind taken out of his sails, and begged to be excused on account of the lateness of the hour. The fact is, there was nothing to say; the scheme, always intensely interesting, became in the Commandant's hands most fascinating, especially when he dwelt on the formation and details of the O.S.C. It is a noble scheme, and no mistake.

|||||

The Commandant called for prayer on behalf of Mrs. Booth, whom he had to leave so suddenly. He had intended taking some little rest (which we all know he needs so much) in a cottage recently secured, but just as he had commenced, the imperative claims of the war broke in upon him and necessitated his departure for the west. God bless and sustain both our leaders.

The O. S. C. Party  
EN ROUTE.

On Monday, July 15, at 12 a.m., by C. P. L., the O.S.C. survey party, consisting of the Commandant and Capt. Frank Morris, with the British contingent, viz., Col. Scott, Brigadier Clibborn, and Mr. Lawford, left Toronto. Their departure was not public in the Army sense, and many of Headquarters' people had not returned from week-end appointments. Nevertheless there was a spontaneous gathering of officers, who came to see the history-making party off, and the three volleys they gave, in response to Colonel Holland's call, as the train moved off, was of so hearty a nature that no mistake could be made as to the intense interest aroused in the party going west. We all hope Canada may have the good fortune to get the O.S.C. Colony. It will mean more for the country's benefit than is generally imagined. Meanwhile we pray the survey party.

PEMBROKE.—Captain Davis is by no means behind the times, as he is making Pembroke move in Army circles. Our farewell Sunday evening meeting on the market was good, and a large number were present. Three men requested to be prayed for. Great interest is now being taken in the open-air meetings, sometimes hundreds listening. Many kind friends seem to be taking a deep interest in the Army's future. We are believing for a few barracks are long-expected.

## THE OVER-SEA COLONY.

## A Social Catechism.

Copy of a Despatch Received From the General by the  
Commandant.

BY THE GENERAL.

## CHAPTER V.

## The First Settlement.

1. How would you proceed with respect to the employment of colonists? How would you commence the settlement?

1. I would seek to form a sort of parent settlement much after the fashion of Radleigh—that is, a general, industrial place, where everything was managed under the direction of the officer and all employed upon it were paid for their time and toil. There would be barracks for the single and married men. The single men would be fed as at present, or on some kind of buffet principle, but everything would belong to the community.

2. The colonists would be employed at what they were best fitted for.

3. Wages would be paid on somewhere about the rate paid in the country outside the settlement.

4. These wages would be dealt with as follows:

1. Deductions would be made to defray the present cost of board and lodging. 2. The surplus would go towards the repayment of cost of outfit and passage money, if not already paid. 3. After these charges have been met, such the surplus will go, above present support, clothes and pocket money, into the Colony Bank towards future needs.

5. What kind of work would the colonist be employed upon in the parent settlement?

In making roads, providing accommodation for more colonists, building cottages for those who settle outside the parent settlement, preparing gardens, hives, pig-sties, breeding cattle, working in the dairy and in different industries, such as weaving cloth, tanning leather, making boots and shoes, making furniture, hicks, wheelbarrows, building carts, cutting wood, etc., etc.

6. Is it intended to keep the colonists all the time in this parent settlement?

Oh dear, no! The idea is to surround this settlement with a number of cottage settlements. That is to say, plots, allotments of ground, will be laid out, say 5 to 6 or 10 acres of land, as may be found suitable, the smaller portion the better. If there is sufficient to provide for the needs of a family on these plots of land, cottages will be built and gardens laid out and planted with the most useful vegetables and trees, fruit, etc. At the onset a cow, pig, a few fowls, can be provided so as to give the family a fair start.

7. Will the cottager have the use of any other lands than that heretofore described?

Yes. Each group of cottagers will have a quantity of land assigned to them, which will serve as a sort of common, on which they will run their cows, horses, sheep, or such cattle as they may possess.

KINGSTON.—Had with us Adjutant and Mrs. Southall. Sunday, good meetings. The devil tried hard Sunday night to break up our open-air, in the shape of a young man who was drunk and wanted to fight with us. Adjutant spoke very earnestly inside at night—J. Pridmore, for Ensign and Mrs. McLean.

SUSSEX.—Good times all through the week. A large number of military soldiers present, who are here on drill. They helped us considerably, and know how to conduct themselves in a campaign. We had the joy of seeing seven knapsacks at the camp. Capt. Paddy, Lieut. Steady.

8. Is it calculated that the family occupying this cottage will be able to provide a sufficient support in this way?

Well, it will go some distance. There will be pork, vegetables, fruit, flour, bread, milk, eggs and a chicken occasionally. Then the surplus produce can be exchanged for clothes, tea, meat, coffee, or other things that are not produced.

9. How will this exchange business be conducted?

In the present settlement, and afterwards at given centres, there will be a sort of general store, where surplus products would be bought or exchanged for other things that may be needed, or which will dispose of such surplus in the best markets available. The same agency will obtain for the Colonist the things that he needs on the best terms possible, a small commission being charged on these transactions. From this centre horses, machines, or any other temporary assistance required, could be hired or furnished on very economical terms.

10. Will there be any other methods of earning money for the cottager than those already mentioned, that is by the sale or exchange of his garden, fields, cow, etc.?

Yes. There would be the means derived from the regular collection from the centre settlement of cream for a butter factory, milk for a cheese factory, chickens, eggs, poultry, peas, wheat, wool, potatoes, fruit, and other produce that could be disposed of in large quantities.

11. Would it be necessary to purchase any large quantities of stuff for the Colony?

No, nearly everything absolutely required can be produced on the spot, if found desirable. Leather, boots, cloth, clothing of almost any kind, furniture, bedding, carpets, indeed almost every necessary of life can be made on the spot.

12. What other forms or methods of obtaining a living will the Colony present?

A certain number will be supported by the various industries to which reference has been made. For instance, there will be shoemakers, tailors, weavers, brickmakers, carpenters and other industrial occupations. These will exchange their produce for the necessities of life, after the manner already described.

13. What other forms do you expect the cultivation of the soil will take?

I think it very probable that co-operation will occupy a very prominent place, anyway it will be tried as soon as possible with respect to agriculture. A goodly tract of land will be cultivated on the system of profit sharing.

## THE VERY LATEST

WIRED FROM N. S.

By Brigadier Scott.

Impressive Funeral  
Service  
Of the Late MAJOR JEWER.

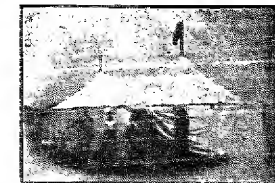
ST. JOHN, N.B., July 17, '95.

The remains of our beloved comrade, Major Jewer, were laid away yesterday afternoon at New Glasgow. A most impressive service was held at the house at West Merigomish, where he died. The body was brought to New Glasgow, ten miles. The power of God wonderfully felt during the afternoon service; his glorified spirit seemed to hover about us while we talked of his beautiful life and triumphant entry to glory. Mrs. Jewer wonderfully upheld by power Divine. The audience moved to tears as she spoke of her loss. The Major's last chorus was sung, "To Thy Cross I come, Lord." One volunteer. Four Staff Officers laid him away. Effective service at the grave. Report following. Two souls in night meeting.

BRIGADIER SCOTT.

ST. JOHN I.—Well, well, well. Did you ever hear tell of the like? On Sunday we had the reading of the balance sheet, an enrolment of recruits, and a dedication, all in one meeting. Monday we had our excursion. Although the morning looked unfavorable, it turned out to be a fine day. We had a very good crowd, and they all seemed to enjoy themselves. We are having nearly all special meetings, and special times of blessing. Sergeant Andrews.

HUNTINGDON.—We have been having some special meetings lately, which have proved very successful. On Thursday, June 27, we had an tea cream social and special meeting, led by Ensign McDonald, Capt. Heister and Beckstead, old friends and officers of this corps. The people and friends assisted us nobly. We are having very nice times at our outpost, the meeting on Friday night was real good. On returning, about four miles from home we met with an accident, when the wheel of our buggy gave out. Capt. Beckstead, who remained for a few weeks' rest, was with us. We set to work with presence of mind, so, after a little difficulty, managed to get it bound up and arrived home in safety.—Capt. Melkie and Cadet La Londe.



GANANOQUE TENT.—Captain and Mrs. Peers in charge.

GANANOQUE.—Our barracks is getting repaired and cleaned, inside and out, at the landlord's expense. While this is being done, we have had our meetings in a tent holding about 300 people. Since the 1st of June our meetings have been well attended, a few souls saved. Just finished up our last Sunday with five sinners for pardon. We intend to re-open our barracks with three days' special meetings. The Kingston brass band, with Thomas Hudson, will assist us. We expect a big time.—Capt. and Mrs. Peers.







sign Hughes read a Bible lesson and  
Poured in Canister Shot.

## TREMENDOUS Eight Days' Battle

WITH  
THE DEVIL AND MOSQUITOES.

Over 70 Blood and Fire Soldiers  
Camped at Portage la  
Prairie.

SOME ENGAGEMENTS WERE HOT AND  
SEVERE, LASTING SIX AND SEVEN  
HOURS WITHOUT ANY AD-  
JUTANT. MILLIONS OF MOSQUITOES  
—CAMP AND SNUDDAGE FIRES HAD  
TO BE LIT DAY AND NIGHT TO  
KEEP OFF MOSQUITOES—45 PER-  
SONS OUT FOR JUSTIFICATION AND  
BLESSING.

The writer and fourteen soldiers,  
with three teams in the caravan, left  
Neepawa for a drive across the prairie  
to Portage la Prairie camp meet-  
ings. The one night spent on the  
prairie will long be remembered, as  
we were attacked with

### An Army of Mosquitoes

which drove some of our forces from  
the camp, however, we returned the  
fire on them by smoking them out,  
and thus we got a little rest.

Next day we arrived at the camp  
grounds, and putting up tents was  
the order of the day. The train from  
Winnipeg brought in Major and Mrs.  
Bennett, Adjutant and Mrs. Rawlings,  
Ensign Mrs. Clark, Ensign Hughes,  
Captains Smith and Spencer, as well  
as the Winnipeg brass band, which,  
by the way, is a blood and fire band.  
Portage troops, with the Winnipeg  
brass band, met the Winnipeg troops  
at the station, and the whole force  
marched straight to the camp on  
Island Park, where the great eight  
days' battle is to take place under  
canvass. Every person's faith runs  
high for a real cyclone of salvation,  
glory, and blessing. Major and staff  
had a short meeting, whilst Captains  
Spencer, Wilkins and Hewitt, with a  
willing force of men, put up the tents.  
The Spirit of the Lord is upon the  
camp and great things will be done.

CAPTAIN WILKINS, HEWITT.

SUNDAY, JUNE 30.—At 5.15 a.m.  
we were aroused by a TYPOT-TLE  
TUMTUM on the canvas, which was  
the signal for all hands to turn out,  
and we mustered for a good, old-time  
knee-drill. At holiness meeting the  
Major was enabled by the Holy Ghost to  
lead out some straight truths,  
which resulted in six for holiness and  
one man for salvation.

ARTHUR WILKINS, Capt.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON. Gigantic  
march, headed by Major Bennett, and  
Adjutant Rawlings, and a number of  
officers, followed by the Portage la  
Prairie brass band, then came the  
rank and file, followed by the Win-  
nipeg brass band. A large crowd  
gathered in front of an hotel, where  
Ensign Hughes led off the testimony  
meeting. A glorious and happy free-  
and-easy was held.

SUNDAY NIGHT.—The march was  
over 120 strong. PEOPLE POURED  
INTO CAMP. Mrs. Major Bennett,  
Mrs. Adjutant Rawlings, and Mrs. En-  
sign Clark pleaded with the sinners  
and backsliders to come home. En-

sign Hughes read a Bible lesson and  
Poured in Canister Shot.

When the net was drawn in three  
fish were found.

JOHN SPENCER, Capt.

MONDAY.—THE SAVED TURK told  
his name (Abdullah Ateah), meaning  
"Servant of God." He said he would  
rather die than not give out his name.  
The holiness meeting a straight time.  
The Major read. Four sought the  
blessing.

The afternoon being announced a  
CALL-OUT MEETING, there was no  
getting around it, not even the Major,  
who tried to put us off with a chorus  
when called on for a solo.

Musical Festival at night. Ensign  
Hughes managed the whole affair. It  
was good. Captain Wilkins gave out  
a solo from the Cry, which was taken  
and a beautiful time was enjoyed.  
The holiness meeting a straight time.  
The Major read. Four sought the  
blessing.

TUESDAY.—At 6.30 a.m. the bugle  
sounded through the camp calling to  
pray for old soldiers. A nice lot pre-  
sented and a beautiful time was enjoyed.  
FAITH AND WORKS seemed to be the  
text on which a quantity of real  
common sense talk was based. This  
meeting cannot fail to bring about  
the salvation of souls.

At 10 o'clock Mrs. Major Bennett  
called together all the women offi-  
cers and soldiers for a council. It  
would be hard to find a more de-  
voted band of women warriors than  
was present. A big bombardment  
around the city was arranged, and  
the whole city was to get a shaking.

Detachments were Told Off.

The evening march was very at-  
tractive, as we had the lately called  
Turk in the Salvation Army, dressed  
in Arab costume. Two souls. We  
finished the day with shoutings, danc-  
ings, and singings.

ALICE GOODWIN, Ensign.

WEDNESDAY.—11 o'clock, soldiers'  
meeting for men only. Major Bennett  
and Adj. Rawlings leading forward  
the HEAVY ARTILLERY. Great  
sharpening of swords, and some real  
fighting done. 2.15, open-air. March  
to town. Holiness meeting, led by  
Ensign Goodwin, known as "The Lit-  
tle Beggar from Brandon." 6 o'clock,  
march into town, and returned to  
meeting, when Ensign Hughes, Capt.  
Hayes, Capt. McKay, and Hewitt. One  
soul, the drummer of the town band.

CAPT. SPENCER.

THURSDAY.—THE QUEEN'S SOL-  
DIERS have come to camp with us  
on the same grounds. As we watched  
them drill this morning, it reminded  
us how we Salvation soldiers should  
be drilled and skilled to fight for the  
King of Kings. After singing, "We'll  
be heroes," the Major read. The tes-  
timonies were really amusing, and  
none the less instructive and encour-  
aging. Bro. Davo Coulter, from Neepawa,  
told how he had been

Roped into the S. A.,

another had got saved in a wagon,  
another behind the plough, etc. Ad-  
jutant Rawlings told what a time he  
had getting saved. Uncle Dan told of  
some of his adventures and tricks in  
his wicked days, how that he, with  
his chums, took a jug of whiskey to  
church and turned the poor parson  
out. Captain Wilkins told how that  
when God called him into the work  
he had to try his hands, or rather  
HIS RACHEL, ON THE ALTAR.

J. MEICER, Lieutenant.

NIGHT.—Our saved Turk was dressed  
in his Arabian garb and spoke on  
the Arab religion, making many hits  
at the Christians of this country.

The meeting, led by Captain Hewitt,  
went with a swing, and wound up by  
capturing one of the town bandmen.

FRIDAY.—After a wet night we  
arose for a blessing. Afternoon meet-  
ing, led by Ensign Goodwin, entitled  
"The D.D. from Brandon." Ensign  
Clark read, and spoke splendidly as  
to our lives being lives of victory for  
God.

We went into the prayer meeting  
with good hopes, until we had eight  
out. We got them through, and when  
we had a minute to look for the time  
we found that, alas, it was morning.

ENSIGN CLARKE.

SATURDAY.—About the first sound  
heard on Island Park this morning  
was THE BUGLE CALL OF THE  
DRAGONS, at one end of the park,  
and the voices of Salvationists sing-  
ing and praying at the other. There  
was long before seven o'clock, so some  
of the campers at least were in good  
time for knee-drill. The meeting went  
without being pushed. Rain and  
other causes kept some away, but  
liberty prevailed. Several sought de-  
liverance.

ENSIGN CLARKE.

SUNDAY.—AFTER A WET NIGHT,  
knee-drill was well attended, consid-  
ering the weather. Previous to the  
holiness meeting, the Portage la Pra-  
rie band played a few songs, led by  
Bandmaster Snider. At holiness meet-  
ing we had the pleasure of having  
Captain Westcott and his wife with  
us, who had just arrived from Fort  
William. Two for salvation and two  
for sanctification.

6 o'clock.—At the Town Hall. On  
account of the bad weather we went  
into town to hold this meeting to  
enable the people to pay us a visit  
at our last meeting. Good attend-  
ance. Major Bennett led off. Then  
the firewell testimonies of officers  
and comrades. Major Bennett then  
spoke. Bandmaster Snider sang. We  
kept on and two came forward.

About this time

The Fire Bell Rang,  
and, as the fire station was only next  
door, the bell was soon cleared of a  
lot of its inmates. Three souls.  
Twenty-six for salvation, and 19 for  
sanctification.

Headquarters' Staff is tired out,  
even down to

J. H. COLLINSON, alias JIMMY.

CAPTAIN !!!

Begin to Plan and  
Scheme for the Suc-  
cessful Working of  
This Year's

HARVEST FESTIVAL

THE NATIONALITY MARCH, in Victoria, B. C.

Victoria's Recent Doings.

The Victoria, B.C., comrades have  
recently held a "nationality" meet-  
ing, which, according to our Special  
Correspondent, Annie Reilly's report,  
was a glorious success.

The march is portion of which is  
shown in our illustration was head-  
ed by two "bison-jackets," represent-  
ing Great Britain. Among other  
countries were Japan, Belgium, Italy,

India, Ireland, and New Zealand, the  
national costumes being worn. The  
"Stars and Stripes," too, were sig-  
nificant, and Newfoundlanders were  
cheered and reminded of "home, sweet  
home," by Brother Samuel Chubbill,  
in his oration. Our worthy secretary  
figured as an Indian chief, another  
as a B.C. sportsman, a hand-  
some looked a typical gipsy pedlar,  
with her numerous baskets.

They have also been visited by Cap-  
tain Washington and Lieutenant Swed-  
dan, of Seattle, Wash. Fine messages  
were much enjoyed by all.

## Useful - Information FOR OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS.

### Domestic Tit-Bits.

The "Social Gazette" editor asked  
Major Osborne:

1. What are the three best, easily prepared, handy dishes, suitable for married officers and family?
2. Ditto, ditto, for unmarried officers?
3. Any simple rules of health found to be personally beneficial?
4. What should we take for supper?

His reply was—

Handy dishes for families:

- (a) Well boiled rice and milk.
- (b) Vegetables of the season (in-  
cluding tomatoes) cut small and sim-  
mered with pearl barley.
- (c) In hot weather: Brown bread  
and butter, with stewed prunes, and  
coarse cards and whey.

For single officers:—

- (a) Small piece of neck of mutton,  
set to simmer with tomatoes and a  
little oatmeal. 2nd. Baked tapioca  
pudding.
- (b) Boil a quarter of a pound best  
cheese in a half-pint milk, and pour  
it on toasted brown bread. Drink  
soda with it. (I have cycled twenty-  
seven miles in the teeth of a strong  
wind on this.)
- (c) Fresh eggs, and butter,  
coconut, and a tin of apricots, or any  
fruit.

Health:

- (a) Don't live on frying-pan and  
kettle fare, sausage, and tea, etc.
- (b) Always prefer fruit and vege-  
tables to meat.
- (c) Never eat within an hour of  
public speaking, in order that you  
may think clearly, and preserve the  
voice.

(d) Don't suck candy or eat any  
fat puff paste; the former ruins the  
throat for singing, and the latter  
ruins the digestive organs.

(e) Study to keep the stomach  
healthy, and you will escape nineteen  
pains out of twenty.

(f) Bathe as regularly as possible  
the whole body.

(g) Don't fast nearly all day Sun-  
day, and then gorge at night. It is  
certain ruin to the mental powers and  
digestion, take little and often.

(h) Always remember the brain and  
stomach cannot be fully active at the  
same time. If you take a full stom-  
ach, then your powers become ab-  
sorbed in the effort to digest the food,  
and one cannot think, in that condi-  
tion, without very great exertion,  
which sooner or later proves injuri-  
ous.

"Land of brown heath and shaggy weed,  
Land of the mountain and the flood."



## SCOTCH BOB, MODERN PRODIGAL.

A Serial Story.

"Had a Certain Man Had Two Sons."

III.

I RAN AWAY the second time when I was sixteen. During these years I had often made resolutions to be good, but I had broken them so often that I became disgusted and unhappy, and gave up trying, till a spirit of utter lawlessness took possession of me.

Then the devil suggested to me that

**My Father's Credit Was Good.**

so I made up my mind to run away to America. I went and ordered a tricycle in my father's name, telling the man I was going on a tour to Inverness. Of course it was a thundering lie. Then I went to the store and stocked my knapsack full of provisions—put de fols gros, chocolate, etc. I sold some of my father's books to get a little ready money, as I couldn't find much about the house. I rode on steadily till I reached Stonehaven, and camped for the night at a fishing village. All next day I travelled as far and as fast as I could go. Next evening I reached Dundee, with only a few shillings in my pocket. I told a man to a gentleman about returning from a tour and being short of funds, till he pulled out half a sovereign and gave it to me.

I was HEADING FOR LIVERPOOL. I pictured America as a land paved with gold, so I rode on all night on Saturday till I came to Dysart, near the Firth of Forth. I was completely tired out by then as I sat down by a little well for a drink of water. But I was anxious to push on, for I knew they must soon be on my track, and I had not calculated on being obliged to cross the water. But I had reckoned without my tricycle. I had to pay heavily for that. When I reached Edinburgh the bells were ringing for church, so I rode up the main street, looking by that time a pretty respectable object, with my Scotch glengarry cap and my knapsack. I can't imagine what possessed me that I did not change that cap—I'd brought another on purpose. Of course I might have known my father had telegraphed to Edinburgh, with full particulars of my appearance. Of course one of

**The Detectives Noticed Me**

at once as answering the description, so he came up and spoke to me.

I was waiting for a drink at the fountain when the fellow asked where I was going. Of course I told him a lie. I said I was bound for Glasgow. Then he wanted to know how I got friends in the city. Take a fool, I told him yes, I had. That was a terribly bad break—had he been sure to ask them. I told him the name of my uncle, who lived there. Then nothing would do but he must show me the way to the house, and I couldn't refuse to go with him.

We found they had all gone to church, except my cousin. So I put my tricycle inside and sat down, intending to give him the slip as soon as his back was turned. But if another constable didn't appear and walk up and down as soon as the other left, I felt I was booked. My cousin asked me if I wouldn't like a bath, and to lie down a bit. I thought I might just as well, for I was tired and travel-stained. I intended to snuggle a little while and then escape, but I had reckoned without my sleepy head. I slept right on, till I heard a voice say, "Well, Master Robert, what are you doing here?" There was one of my father's

detectives he had sent from home, leaning over me.

Oh, if that wasn't a melancholy procession back to the station! I realized I was badly left.

But I was BY NO MEANS REPENTANT—no, not I. I was thoroughly mad at myself for getting caught. However, I knew it was all up, so I put a brave face on, and chatted away to the detective, bought a "Till-Bite," and read it in the train. It must have been a strange position for the man, bringing home the youngest son of the chief of the county constabulary, for all the two hundred men under him held my father in the most profound respect.

Oh, how it must have

**Cut My Father to the Soul**

when he met me at the station! But he said not a word as we drove home with my elder brother.

I was confined to the house and kept on short commons two or three weeks, and father talked to me about the shame and disgrace I was bringing into the family, till at last I broke down, and said I was desperately sorry. Poor father tried to forget, and by degrees put more confidence in me.



**"Father Looked Me in My Room Till I Was Willing to Own Up."**

But "there was no God in my sorrow—it was the spurious repentance that worketh death. I resolved and determined I would be a better lad. I have even written good resolutions and signed them in my own blood, but all to no avail. I was pretty strong willed, but I did not know how to rise up and take hold of the power of the Lord. So I sank lower and lower."

**"Wasted His Substance in Riotous Living."**

When I was barely old enough I coaxed my father into letting me GO TO COLLEGE.

I passed my preliminary examinations as a medical student and entered the Aberdeen University.

From that day my career began to darken.

I had every inducement to do right, every privilege put to my way, for my father's sake. Here I met Gordon again, the very one who had been my companion in evil when we were boys together, playing truant from school, and plugging the policeman.

I took up with him again, took to going round the streets with him. Only one thing, I never would drink, however he might call me silly-softy—thanks to my father's example. I had been at college a year, chiefly working.

**In the Infirmary, Dressing Wounds,**

etc., and the exams for the year's course were coming on, but of course I was in no shape to pass them, after the way I had been cutting up with Gordon. I knew it was no use for me to sit, I knew my papers would be no good. I began to be ashamed and afraid that all my wickedness would be found out and my father would bring me to account. He had been put to so much trouble with all my expensive surgical instruments and medical books.

As a last episode in the act, I determined I would run away. My fees for the next session were just coming due, so instead of paying them I thought I would take possession of them for my passage, and wrote to Liverpool for the rates to New York, where I intended to go, under an assumed name.

I always was careless about my clothes, and I laid my coat on the bed. Well, if my sister didn't chance to come in and pick up that coat to hang it up!

OF COURSE the letters fell out of the pocket, with the picture of an actress Gordon and I had been familiar with. OF COURSE my sister took them to my father!

He confronted me with them, and wanted to know what was the meaning of them. Everything was in the bag.

God grant my story may keep somebody from going in my downward path.

**HE LOCKED ME IN MY BEDROOM** until I was willing to confess. Of course, I was only a lad still, and he was so stern and upright. My food was brought to me, and I stayed there for several weeks, but I wouldn't give in. I had my piano, and I would play and read, but I refused to give any explanation. They sent the minister to deal with me, but that was no good. I was a perfect devil of a character. They all had a week at me, but I was absolutely indifferent. I seemed possessed with wickedness.

Until at last, one night, late — it must have been after twelve o'clock — I was standing with my hand on the mantel-piece, and father came upstairs into my room.

It suddenly struck me

**How Haggard and Worn He Looked.**

That was the first moment I felt the breaking down. If he had noticed me I should have been as stubborn as ever.

"BOB, MY POOR BOY!" he said, with a break in his voice, and he put his hand on my shoulder. If he had thrashed me round the room I should have cared nothing.

Dear old man! I can understand now how he wretched and agonized with Heaven on my behalf—and now he is gone—GONE!

God forgive me!

I believe He does.

Then I burst into a TORRENT OF WEeping, and put my arms round him, and buried my head in his shoulder.

I wept till I was exhausted.

Then I told him everything I could remember of all my wickedness, from my boyhood up. Talk about confession! I told him how my nature had mislaid me, how evil passions had laid hold of me, how ashamed I was about everything.

(To be continued.)

# H.F.-H.F.

DATES:

Sat., Sun., Mon. and Tues.,

Reg. 31st, Sept. 1st, 2nd, 3rd.

- GET READY! -

## The Army Grab-Bag.

In the Swedish Shelters the poor men are privileged to have "Finnish Baths," after the Turkish bath style. During this performance the clothes are being disinfected. Often one hundred men can be found in the baths.

A gambler at Houston, Texas, has made a capital sign for the barracks, and donates seven dollars a month towards the rent.

A young man, who was sent to San Quentin prison, Cal., about ten months ago, got saved shortly after and became a Salvationist. The latest Californian Cry announces his death and burial by his fellow prisoners.

A Birmingham friend has donated \$13 for the purpose of sending a "War Cry" and Social Gazette," weekly, to six soldiers and sailors.

A Boys' Home has just been decided upon in Batter Lane, London. It will afford acceptable accommodation for eighty boys, with bath rooms, etc.

Cadet Mary Loxton, a Eurasian lassie (half English, half Japanese), at San Francisco, has farewelled for Japan.

A certain word of toughs, called the "Black" "Y," who used to disturb our men in Paris, have all got saved.

This is how the New Zealand Cry describes the playing of the church band drummer: "The drummer who manipulated the drum was the cynosure of all eyes, for the way he used those drumsticks was a caution to snakes, let alone white men. The various evolutions and gyrations that he caused those sticks to perform made the natives 'sit up,' and stare with a hundred horse-power stare, that was laughable to behold."

A meeting in New Zealand was to be held in a schoolhouse, but the Lieutenant found that the key was missing. Nothing daunted, he got the people in through the window.

A shorthand class has been started at the Trade Headquarters, London. Already there are 85 students.

We make our own bonnets in England. A business man has given over his factory to us, and has become a Salvationist.

International Trade Headquarters are publishing a series of lives of prominent trade savers, called the "Red-Hot" Library.

"The new volume of 'The Musical Salvationist' will contain letterpress sketches of song writers, and lives of bandmasters, historians of famous hymns, etc., will occupy a portion of the space each month. It is intended to make this an international publication. We are in communication with all our Territorial leaders, and without doubt, the quality and circulation of this magazine will rise swiftly and permanently."—English Cry.

Last July 6th was our 30th anniversary. To-day we have 11,583 officers and 3,292 corps. Our social institutions amount to 281, and the monetary value of our worthy publications reaches the sum of \$1,000,000. Hallelujah!

Portsmouth U. Corps, 25 years old, has now 300 on the rolls, 31 bandsmen, and sells 55 copies papers every week.

The first man to kneel at the president form at the opening of the New York Memorial Headquarters was a sample of the sort we're after, viz., a hard-working man.

The English Cadets, on another march, visited seven corps, led by Field Commissioner Eva Booth, saw 182 souls seeking pardon and parity.

Major Cooks, a converted minstrel, and Salvationist Smith, visited Ascot races and saw three souls at the cross on the course.

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IN THE FINANCIAL

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## Grab-Bag.

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New Zealand was to a roomhouse, but the 1 that the key was danted, he got the with the window.

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Grade Headquarters a series of lives of savers, called the "sury."

time it "The Musical in contain letterspress writers, and lives histories of famous occupy a portion of month. It is intended international public communication with leaders, and with- nality and circulation will rise swiftly and nglish Cry.

our 80th anniv- we have 11,585 of- corps. Our medal in- it to 291, and the of our weekly pub- the sum of \$1,000,

corps, 25 years old, the rolls, 11 bands- dozen papers every

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## THE COMING GREAT Harvest Festival.

NOTES ON THE ARRANGEMENTS.

BY THE FINANCIAL SECRETARY.

Aug. 31, The Dates  
Sept. 1, 2, 3, The Dates

and officers should carefully read these notes and hints. Stick them in a book. Refer to them continually. Plan, scheme, invent, and arrange at once.

H. F. - H. F. - H. F.

New and varied are the ideas for the Harvest Festival. The Commandant is determined to spare neither time nor trouble in making the printed matter as tasty and attractive as possible. Last year's circulars, letters, cards, etc., have, therefore, been thoroughly overhauled, and after solemn consideration, "the powers that be" have come to the following decisions:—

THE OFFICERS'S CIRCULAR to field officers is a most lengthy and detailed printed four-page pamphlet. Officers should very carefully peruse this and keep it before them. In it they will find suggestions, ideas and hints of all kinds. These, if faithfully carried out, should ensure success in every camp. As soon as possible it will be sent to each F. O., who should say it out before the Lord, then plan and scheme for the success of the H. F. in their corps.

THE COLLECTING CARD will be of greater dimensions than any previous card. The design on front will be most appropriate and elegant, with a decorative H. F. flavor and touch. Soldiers and friends will be only too glad to solicit gifts and donations on such a card. It will be a beauty, indeed. In envelope, too, will be just the kind in which to preserve the card.

### C-A-R-D.

THE SOCIAL BACK. This is a startling novelty. A new book, containing a nice appeal from the Commandant, will be left at different farmers' and friends' houses. It will be made to contain just a barrel of grain. The filled sacks will be called for and sent on to Toronto. Headquarters will buy from the corps or give credit for the grain. It is a capital move, and will surely take on at least all over Ontario. More of this soon.

### S-A-C-K.

WALK OF WORK. This idea is to be continued and enlarged upon. Good success attended the efforts of our officers, and soldiers, and friends last year, but "excellence" must be the cry. Care should be maintained by all concerned in making up just the articles which will meet with the resident sale. Several useless things were left on hand last year. Officers will, therefore, seek to beg and get those things which will be useful. Arrange for your stalls at once. See the Commandant's notes in future Cry.

### W-O-R-K S-A-L-E.

THE POSTERS. These will be printed in a very pretty style. Possibly a big slab of grain will be shown. It will be an exquisite affair. Wisely decorate the walls of your barracks with these and they will attract great attention. Get the bill-poster to post some up around your town, and ask him to do it freely.

DECORATION OF BARRACKS. Now is the time to think about what you will do on the decoration line. Give your barracks a real harvest appearance. The people will come to see the decorations if they are really done. Many folks will gladly lend you some flowers with which to decorate the platform, if you take care of them.

LIVE STOCK. In and around the Central and Western Ontario Provinces live stock, from horses and cows down to quacking ducks, may be secured. Lots was done in this direction last year, but with more effort greater things can be accomplished. A ready sale can be got for such. What about "a fatted calf," a porker, a few rabbits, some sheep? Now is the time to give the farmer the hint.

The butcher will help.  
The grocer will assist.  
The cobbler will cobble.

Trademen and merchants of all kinds will gladly come to our help if they understand the idea of the glorious Harvest Festival.

ORGANIZATION. This is the secret of all success, in this, as in every other, scheme. Officers! Look to it, God bless you!

(More next week.)

## MOOSOMIN,

—AND—

### Two-Thirds were Drunk.

Praise God, it's getting better. Captain and I went out visiting among the Crofters, and although it's hard to understand Gaelic, yet we were able to let them know we were Salvationists. Poor souls! One poor man told us we couldn't know we were saved in this world. But Captain soon helped him out of his trouble. We had a meeting, and as we were praying one lad walked boldly up and told the people that through our meetings he gave God his heart. Whilst herding cattle, he composed a song and sang it in the meeting. May God bless the lad. We believe God has saved him. Praise God. On Friday night a young lady, who has been convicted for a long time, gave God her heart and got beautifully saved. It's good to see

### THE DEVIL GET BEAT.

and the Lord have the victory. We had a good time yesterday, 1st July. We had an open-air. Right of us marched and we formed a ring outside the saloon, where two-thirds of the people were drunk. While praying, some of the lads pushed a drunk on top of Captain, but the old fellow kept still. We got a good collection, and after a while the crowd listened and were quiet. Poor fellows, they'll be sorry for their foolishness to-day. But, thank God, we mean to try and win them for Jesus, who has a right to them. Contact A. W. Clarke, for Capt. Cromarty.

## A Glorious Report.

BAT PORTAGE, ONT.—Since last report our SIX SOULS saved, good ones. One young woman volunteered right off.

Last Sunday night another woman got saved, and on Tuesday, while visiting her, her husband came into the kitchen, walked up to the stove, takes hold of the lifter, removes one of the lids off the stove, and says, "by the strength and help of God that's the last of that!" throwing the pipe into the stove. Then he and myself went into the dining-room. He began to tell me how God had been speaking to him. We got on our knees and prayed. God gave him pardon. On Wednesday night, before going on to the platform, he went to the penitent form, feeling satisfied that he would thus do all God required of him. Both he and his wife are going to be out and out Salvationists.

On Thursday night Brother and Sister Walsh's eldest boy came out and got saved, also another young man, a Swede. He came out on Monday night, but before he got through he had to leave to go to steer a boat on which he worked, as they were waiting for him, but he came back Thursday night and got the victory. He told the master he had quit drinking, etc., and the master shook hands with him, encouraged him on, and asked the boys on the boat to do nothing to hinder him. Praise God for a chance to labor with him for souls.—Design Rob Smith, Lieut. J. Haskirk. P.S.—Lieut. Haskirk said 72 War Cry on the street.

## Something for Your Soul.

### A ? ANSWERED.

MRS. MAJOR READ.

"If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us."

"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."—1 John, I, 8, 9.

THE question is sometimes asked, "If people are cleansed from sin through faith in the blood of Jesus, how is it they ever fall into sin again?"

There seems to be a strong analogy between natural and spiritual law. The laws which govern the physical man are very similar to those which govern the spiritual.

An instance suggests itself to me. An individual is

### Stricken Down

with a malignant fever. The seeds of death have apparently taken root in his system, and his life is despaired of. But, a stronger power intervenes. His disease is arrested, his germs are eradicated. Under the skillful application of proper remedies new life takes possession, and he becomes well and strong—in fact, is restored to perfect health.

But there are certain health laws to be observed, for although he is perfectly well, there is still a danger of his falling a victim of his old malady. Though the nearest friend may pronounce his condition perfect, may witness to the fact that his eye was never brighter, his arm never so strong, or his step so firm as since his restoration, yet he must have proper diet, pure air, and the environment conducive to health to maintain that condition.

The analogy is evident to all. Sin, the soul's dread destroyer, has fastened its roots deep and firm in the spiritual part of man's trinity. The germs of eternal death are there preserved. But a changing, transforming power comes into the sinner's life—the purifying blood of Jesus. By faith he accepts its efficacy.

### What is the Result?

The roots of bitterness are destroyed, the old nature is changed, he is a "new creature," cleansed from "all unrighteousness." But he is not saved from temptation or the danger of the old soul maladies affecting him. There are conditions to this healthy soul life.

He must live in the pure air of obedience to the divine will of God, warmed by the sunlight of his smile, daily receiving nourishment from the sincere milk of the word, mingled with faith in its promises. Continual communion with his heavenly Father by prayer will keep him instructed in "the way he should go," while self-sacrifice for others will prove a stimulating exercise.

What about your spiritual condition, sister soldier, brother soldier? Seek the power and unction from the Great Physician that shall purify your soul, and then comply with the conditions of His word, and back in the pure sunshine of His smile, happy, useful, strong, growing daily in the "knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ."

BELLEVILLE—Real good times here. We have had the joy of seeing a NUMBER OF SOULS come to the Saviour. On Sunday, God's conviction was stamped on the hearts of the unsaved, but none would yield.—L. Spriggs, for Capt. Moffatt and Ensign Macnamara.

NEWCASTLE—There has been a break in the enemy's ranks. On Sunday night TWO brothers sought the pardon of their sin, afterwards testifying. The Sunday previous ONE SISTER claimed pardon for the past. On the 1st July Chatham and Newcastle united for excursion and picnic to Redbank. This was well attended. Many predicted a rainy day, but faith won the victory, and the day was all that could have been desired.—Carrie Reever, L.A.L.B.

## WEST ONTARIO IN WAR DESPATCH.

BY BRIGADIER MARGETTS. Fraternal.

The "hallooah time" we put in together at Paris the other Friday night was pleasant as well as profitable. It was a great joy to share the fight with our comrades, the Editor and his wife. The place got a stirring up, and we trust the visit of the "Desperados" will end in a big revival, arrangements for which were completed during our stay there.

### Tent Fighting—21 Souls.

Brantford, too, got a waking during the next three days. Saturday was spent in one inside and five open-air bombardments, the last of which took place after the ordinary night meeting. It was a rouser. Monday night we had more open-air manoeuvres, dividing the forces into separate brigades, while the band marched round town, playing and pounding as they went. The crowds were great throughout, the Salvation tent proving far too small to accommodate the throng. The meetings went along in fine style. God poured out His Spirit. Twenty-one souls sought salvation and purity, among them being two married couples. Collections "sent up" to about four times the normal amount. The officers' meeting and night of prayer were real soul-melting times. Twenty-one meetings in all were held during the three days.

### Pull up the Tent-Pegs.

An extensive staff and field change takes place during the last week in July, which will affect ten districts, 34 corps, 12 staff and 50 field officers. In future Stratford will be the headquarters of the present Seaforth district, Ingersoll will be attached to London, Woodstock to Simcoe, and Brantford and Paris to Guelph. The present Woodstock being discontinued, by virtue of the change, Ensign and Mrs. Fraser, and their portion of the rising generation, have bidden us good-bye for some other Province. God speed them.

### McMillan Married.

Capt. M. A. Robertson is no more. The Captain withdrew honourably from the work some time ago on account of ill-health. The P. S. had the pleasure of "tying the knot" at Guelph on Wednesday night, which made her Mrs. A. McMillan. God bless them both and make them a power for good in Owen Sound, whither they have flown.

### Debris Dis.

Our attention has been well high absorbed in dealing with financial difficulties and solving financial problems for a long time. The clouds of debt hanging over us broke a while ago, and soon, through the assistance of the brave Lanette Band, the last cloud will have passed and the mist rolled away. Three cheers for the L. R. B!

### Save Sinners!

Are you alive to this purpose? Quick to see their danger and desperate to rush to their rescue? Strong to suffer on their behalf, and fearless as to what men or devils may think or say, so long as you can get them to the blood. O! for a passionate spirit of desperation to save souls, to fall on all hands. For this BRAV, WRESTLE, FIGHT, BELIEVE!

### Mrs. Margetts.

Mrs. Margetts, after a most trying time of sickness and weakness, is able to be up and about again. It will, however, be some weeks before she is able to take part at the front of the battle.

### Go to the People.

We have had a series of lively open-air attacks at Elm and Simcoe in Seaforth, Clinton, Bayfield, and Goderich, recently. What's the use of going into a stuffy hall, with 40 or 50 people, when you can get from five to ten times as many in a park or grove? THE OPEN AIR IS OUR CATHEDRAL FOR THE SUMMER MONTHS. J. K. M.

